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# ·LIFE·



## QUITE VISIBLE.

"HAVE YOU ANY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT?"  
 "OI'D LOIKE T' KNOW PHAT YE CALL THOT!"



## SIR CUPID'S MONTE CARLO.

CUPID causes great commo-  
 tion,  
 Down beside the restless  
 ocean,  
 Where the breakers kiss the  
 shore;  
 Love at sight is all the fashion,  
 Men and maids with tender  
 passion  
 Vow to love forevermore.

On the sands we hear them sighing,  
 As they speak of love undying,  
 Blushing maids and earnest men;  
 Then the human cards are shuffled,  
 And with baby brow unruffled,  
 Fickle Cupid deals again.

Once a maiden weeping, worried,  
 From this Monte Carlo hurried,

"I have lost my heart!" she cried.  
 Then she railed at Cupid's dealing,  
 Called the careless boy unfeeling,  
 Till at length the god replied:

"In the game of summer wooing  
 You are now denouncing, rueing,  
 Broken hearts are not my fault.  
 Summer vows, 'tis Cupid's notion,  
 Should be taken like the ocean,  
 With a large amount of salt!"

Earle H. Eaton.

**M**ERCHANT: Well, Patrick, was your Sunday-  
 school picnic a success yesterday?

OFFICE BOY: Yes, sir, but it opened orful slow. There  
 wasn't a black eye in the crowd 'til after four o'clock.





"While there is Life, there's Hope."

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#### A HELPFUL SENSATION.

IN the absence of other distractions, New York's murder mystery has been useful in helping her sweltering citizens through a spell of intense weather. When the mercury goes to par, only strong, penetrating reading is of much use. There has been a timeliness about the gradual elucidation of the Guldensuppe perplexity which even the most sober-minded citizens must recognize. On the whole, the story of the assemblage of the bathman's members and the detection of his butchers has been the most wholesome newspaper sensation of the twelve-month. Unlike the Seeley dinner, it has not corrupted the public morals; unlike the Bradley-Martin ball, it has not stirred up bad blood or over-excited the clergy. It has combined a high degree of interest with a very small proportion of distress. Mr. Guldensuppe, the victim, seems to have been a citizen of defective morals and unhallowed intentions, whose loss will not be irreparable in this community. The persons who are accused of his taking-off are not of a quality to strain public sympathy, and, altogether, this detective story of real life has been more interesting than fiction, without being materially painful.



#### THE AMERICA'S CUP ONCE MORE.

THE esteemed *Pall Mall Gazette* is inspired by recent exchanges of pleasantries between the Amer-

icans and the British, to suggest that another go at the *America's cup* would be a timely experiment. The suggestion savors a little, perhaps, of kicking a sleeping dog, but still it is one that is always in order. In due time, and provided that meanwhile Spain or Japan does not wipe us off the seas, LIFE would be glad to see a sportsman-like race for the *America's cup*, if only to take the taste of the last one away.

But, oh! brethren, if you race, do race on the salt sea, and not on paper.



#### YALE, HARVARD AND CORNELL.

IT is quite true, as some of the arbiters of sport have had the discernment to notice, that if Yale and Harvard want to go back to their dual boat-race it can be done with more propriety after a year in which Cornell has been a winner than after she has been beaten. Cornell would have nothing to complain of if neither Yale nor Harvard saw fit to challenge her for a race next year, but if they wait until one of them has won a race from her and then decline her challenge she will seem to most observers to be ill-used. If Yale and Harvard want to provide for an annual race which no other competitor may enter, now is their chance to do it. It need not hinder either of them from rowing any other race that seems convenient, either annually or occasionally.

The college boating problem is more difficult than most of the commentators seem to realize. Any college nine can play a game of baseball with any other college nine without much trouble. Any football eleven can play football with a good many other elevens provided they are not too strong. But the number of four-mile races which an average eight-oar crew can row to advantage is very strictly limited, and the number of crews it can meet annually in any one race on any available American course is also limited. Regattas, in

which a lot of crews are entered and scramble for the best courses, are a delusion. Yale and Harvard have sounder reasons for wishing to stick to their old plan of an annual dual race than the average critic recognizes, but they have also good reasons for wishing to row Cornell, and Harvard at least will not abandon the big fresh-water university without deep and serious cogitation.



#### A SUGGESTION WORTH CONSIDERING.

THE rumor of the rejection of an offer of \$24,000 made by Mr. Walter Damrosch to the heirs or assigns of Herr Wagner, the late German composer, for permission to give *Parsival* in this country, suggests that there ought to be good money in the composing industry in the United States, and that if the right sort of gifted American took hold of it it would pay him. Meanwhile, if Mr. Damrosch can arrange for a temporary exchange of attractions by the terms of which the *Parsival* combination may come here while both of our Houses of Congress play a season's engagement in Germany, he may count on the strongest backing, pecuniary and moral, for any reasonable engagements he may make.



#### TRIUMPHANT BULLFINCH.

SENTIMENT triumphed in the matter of the Boston State House, and the Bullfinch front is preserved just as it was. Now there is a rumor that some of the savers have begun to realize that a little more architectural and structural sense mixed in with their sentiment would have made a better job, and saved them some belated regrets.



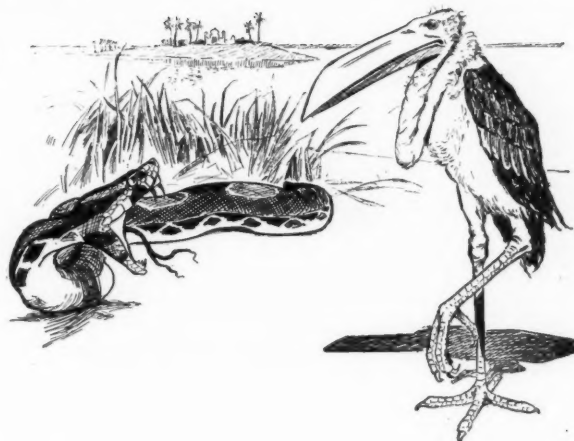
A DRY LANDING.

**BUNKER:** Yes, sir; just as I got that fish up to the side of the boat I fell overboard.

**HILL:** Get wet?

"Not a bit. I fell on the fish."

**T**HE clever girl is one who, when you say things you don't mean, always knows what you do mean.



*Bill, the Adjutant:* I FEEL FUNNY; CAN THIS BE HYPNOTISM?

VERITAS VINCIT.

**L**IFE veils his modesty for a moment, in order that due recognition may be given for timely words of praise.

Besides, he half suspects that there may be some truth in the statements so gracefully made by the writer of the following:

An Englishman, being asked which of our papers he considered most characteristically American, replied **LIFE**—an answer which rather disposes of **LIFE**'s own statement that England could not understand it. **LIFE** is indeed the only humorous paper of which we have any reason to be proud. In good sense and sobriety it stands absolutely alone. *Puck* and *Judge* are mere vulgar, screeching buffoons when placed by its side. No two papers have done more by their farcical extravagance to bring American humor into disrepute. **LIFE** has none of that insane passion for hunting jokes to death, for taking characters like the hotel clerk and the bicycling girl and grinding out a million absurdities about them, till the whole country is sick. **LIFE**'s mirth is clean and always under control; when it is witty, and it often is, it is witty in a polished and easy fashion; and the whole tone of the paper is extremely pleasant and refined. No journal of its class has produced better artistic work. It is possible that **LIFE** will never mean as much to America as *Punch* does to England, but for all that it seems to us to be unquestionably the best comic paper in the world.

—From the *Chap Book*.

HE KNEW THEM.

**I**N a Western town, a clergyman was exhorting his congregation in regard to their treatment of the new minister, soon to arrive, and closed up with:

"And above all things, when he gets here I want you all to pray for him. He'll need it."

WHERE SHE COMES IN.

**FINNICUS:** I tell you a man never appreciates his wife till he gets into trouble.

**CYNNICUS:** That's so; it's a big satisfaction to have some one to blame for it.



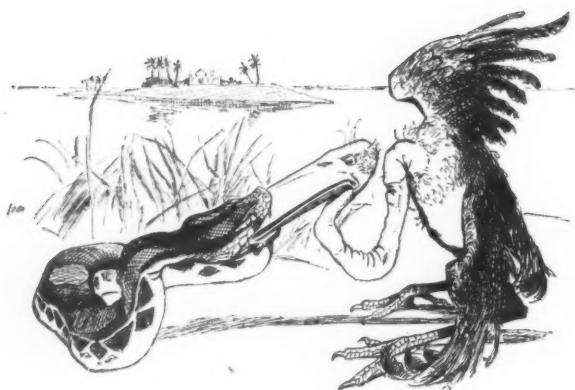
*Good Lady:* WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY?

*Little Boy:* POP'S GOIN' TO LICK ME WITH THIS BIG STICK.

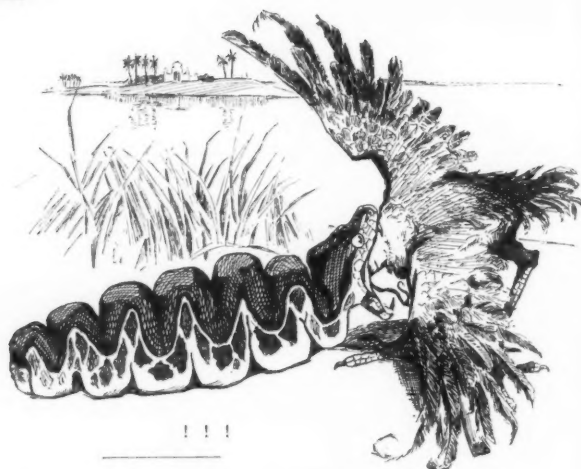
"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!"

"YES, 'UM."

**M**R. BIDWELL, who succeeds Judge Kilbreth as Collector of the Port of New York, is a bicycle manufacturer, and was the candidate of Senator Platt and some fifteen thousand bicyclists. The only people who seem much displeased with his appointment are the folks who wanted some one else. **LIFE** had no candidate for the place, and would as soon pay duties to Mr. Bidwell as anyone.



IT IS. OH, LORDY, I'M A GONER!



!!!

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## DU MAURIER AND "THE MARTIAN."

THE sincere and discriminating admirers of Du Maurier will rejoice that the book with which his career was brought to a close is in no danger of being Trilbyized. The things for which that ill-fated popular success was wrongly admired at the last, were exactly those things that make a man or woman of taste shiver.

But it is hard to see how any taint of grease-paint, lime-light and sham Bohemianism can ever touch "The Martian" (Harper). The book will never please the mob—they are already calling it dull. But it will find its way to its fit audience, who will cherish it as one of the marked books of fiction that add to the worth of human nature. The touch of supernaturalism is little more than a new

symbolism for an old ideal of humanity, and a very noble one. The spirit from Mars that made *Barty* conscious of the North, and raised him from mere physical well-being and a joy in the material aspects of life to a concentration of idealistic effort, is but another name for the "demon" of Socrates. It is the soul that makes the Faun human.

\* \* \*

THE first half of the book is a marvelous elaboration of a temperament. The analytic novelist would have told you in several psychological chapters that *Barty* was a wonderfully attractive youth, and the very soul of the machine would have been revealed in syllogisms and paradoxes. When you had finished you would never have believed in *Barty*. But Du Maurier shows you *Barty* really fascinating people with his flow of spirits, his ready sympathy, his uncon-

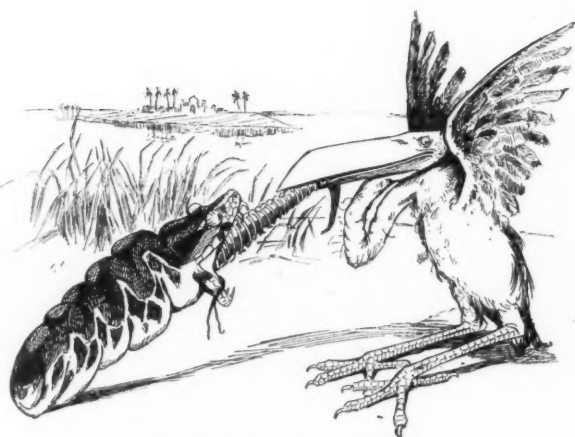
querable zest in living. You are made to share in his emotions, not to analyze them. That is a great thing in creative literature. It happens to be done in a strange mixture of explosive English and colloquial French, with scraps of Latin and German. It isn't fine writing, and it makes the rhetoricians squirm; but the reader gets the vivid impressions that the author meant to convey. Du Maurier put something of himself in his comment on *Barty*: "In writing, as in everything else, he was an amateur, and more or less remained one for life; but the greatest of his time accepted him at once, and laughed and wept, and loved him for his obvious faults as well as for his qualities."

\* \* \*

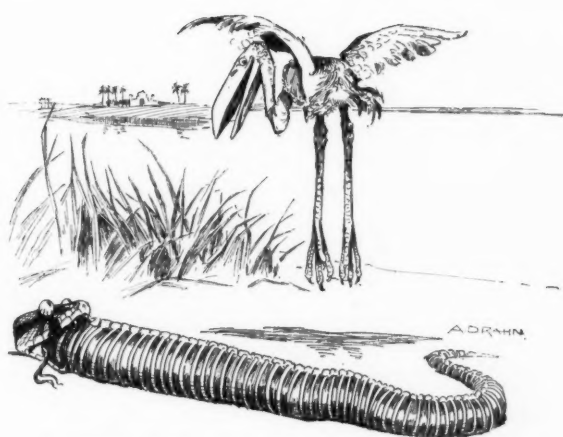
A MAN who loves life and likes to think well of his fellow-beings will find in *Barty Josselin* a well-spring of delight. He is



AT LIFE'S FARM.—ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.



DEAD EASY! AM I A WIZARD?



AH, THERE! STAY THERE, SVENGALI, UNTIL SOMEONE PULLS YOU RIGHT SIDE OUT AGAIN.

the embodiment of good-fellowship—kindly, considerate, full of humor, and appreciative of decent humanity everywhere. He is a *normal* man with extraordinary qualities. That is his fascination—because you always feel his kinship.

Du Maurier could not have left a better legacy to his literary and artistic brothers than this triumphant vindication of the essential vigor, health and humanity of the finest genius. The books that *Barty* wrote and the pictures that he drew were the natural flowers of his rich temperament. They drew the admiration of the world because they represented what was best in normal human beings. There is nothing better in the book than the author's scorn of the "rickety, unwholesome geniuses, whose genius had allied itself to madness—the little, misshapen troglodytes with foul minds and perverted passions, or self-advertising little mountebanks with enlarged and diseased vanities." Everybody who thinks he has "an artistic temperament" can ponder over this book with profit to his own soul—whether it is big or little.

**B**UT better than all else in the book is the glorification of domestic life—the picture of *Barty's* happiness in his wife and children. This is a triumphant answer to the charge that all novels end with marriage. The charm of a happy home, filled with the smiling faces of friends, the laughter of children and the sympathy of cultivated people, was never more touchingly portrayed. It is the final justification of the union of Nature and Idealism, which is what *Barty* stands for. And with that picture in their minds, as the last effort of his genius, his friends will always be glad to associate Du Maurier.

*Droch.*

#### LIFE'S "PEGASUS" CONTEST.



#### ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRIZE WINNER.

**L**IFE is not willing to admit that the following list of poems are the best ten in the English language, having in mind a list of his own which is entirely different. But these poems are undoubtedly the most popular, as indicated very plainly by the voice of nearly six hundred of our readers who sent in their lists to LIFE office:

1. Gray's Elegy.
2. Thanatopsis.
3. Psalm of Life.
4. Raven.
5. Charge of the Light Brigade.
6. Skylark.
7. Chambered Nautilus.
8. Maud Muller.
9. Bridge of Sighs.
10. Burial of Sir John Moore.

Of the individual lists sent in, the one which approximates more nearly to this list than any other is the one received from Helen M. Turner, Cincinnati, O. Miss Turner's list is as follows:

1. Thanatopsis (*Bryant*).
2. Charge of the Light Brigade (*Tennyson*).
3. Psalm of Life (*Longfellow*).
4. The Raven (*Poe*).
5. Bridge of Sighs (*Hood*).
6. Lochinvar (*Scott*).
7. Elegy in a Country Churchyard (*Gray*).
8. Maud Muller (*Whittier*).
9. The Chambered Nautilus (*Holmes*).
10. Drifting (*Read*).

#### A LONG BRANCH SKETCH.

**"WEST END!"** cried the brakeman, as the Jersey Central train reached that station.

The Englishman rose and descended upon the platform.

"Where's me Baedeker?" he asked of his courier.

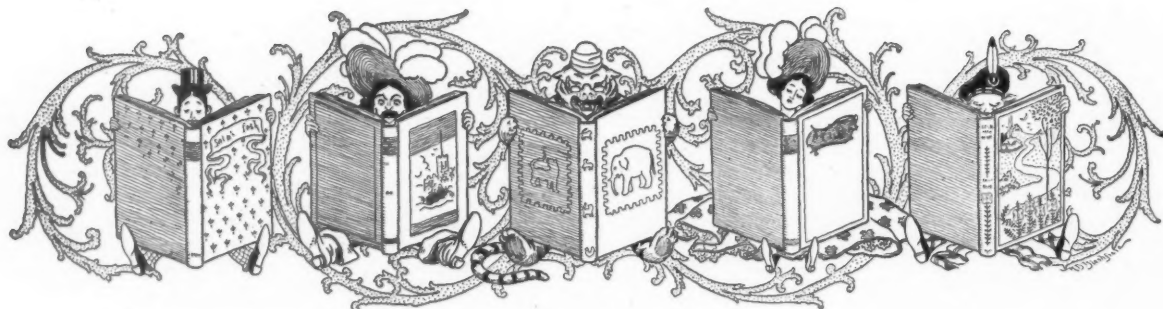
"I did not bring it," replied the courier. "What do you want of a Baedeker here?"

"To indicate the points of interest, of course," said the Englishman. "I don't want to depend entirely upon you."

"Perfectly right, sir," acquiesced the courier. "But the Baedeker wouldn't help you here. I've brought this instead."

And he handed the traveler a small volume entitled "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," by Laurence Hutton.





**A** IS for Anthony Hope,  
Who gives to his fancy free scope;  
In turret and tower  
His characters cower,  
Or make hairbreadth escapes by a rope.

**B** IS for bashful James Barrie,  
From the land of the kilt and Glengarry;  
We've read him to date,  
And his next we await,  
For we wonder whom Tommy will marry.

**C** IS for colorful Crane,  
Who has a phenomenal brain;  
His language amazes,  
He writes in blue blazes,  
And his verses are really insane.

**D** IS for R. Harding Davis,  
And jolly good stories he gave us;  
Van Bibber will do,  
And Gallagher too,  
But from his war-notes, the saints save us.

**E** IS for George Egerton,  
Whose *Keynotes* were rather good fun;  
But her themes pathologic,  
And terms pedagogic,  
Are things the Young Person should shun.

**F** IS for Frances Burnett,  
Who revels in plain epithet;  
Her people of quality,  
Though given to jollity,  
Are the worst that we ever have met.

**G** IS for Mr. Grant Allen,  
Who pours out his views by the gallon;  
His books are improper,  
But he's a Hill-Topper,  
So he fears not the critic's sharp talon.

**H** IS for William Dean Howells,  
As wise as the wisest of owls;  
The subject of jokes  
Of frivolous folks,  
At which he good-naturedly growls.

**I** IS for Ian Maclaren,  
Who knows about Moses and Aaron;  
But in stories and tales  
He signally fails,  
For of artistic interest they're barren.

**J** IS for jimp Henry James,  
Who expounds lofty motives and aims  
With sentences long  
And arguments strong,  
And the most unpronounceable names.

**K** IS for capable Kipling,  
Who, though he's accounted a stripling,  
Writes stories and rhymes  
Right up to the times  
About loving and fighting and tippling.

**L** IS for lean Andrew Lang,  
Who recently saw, with a pang,  
That a man up in Maine  
Stole the work of his brain,  
And he gave him a lengthy harangue.

**M** IS Maurice Maeterlinck,  
Whose dramas are graveyards in ink;  
Abstract, esoteric,  
Symbolic, hysteric—  
To read him would drive us to drink.

**N** IS for noxious Nordau,  
Who pictures the terrible woe  
In store for the race  
Since we've fallen from grace,  
And surely the Doctor should know.

**O** IS for Miss Olive Schreiner,  
Whose writings grow finer and finer;  
She certainly seems  
To be given to dreams  
Of which she's the only diviner.

**P** IS for Popular Parker,  
Who writes of the North, where it's  
His *Pretty Pierre* [darker;  
Is drawn with great care,  
But to *Valmond* he isn't a marker.

**Q** IS for quick-witted "Q,"  
At home on a staff or a crew;  
With vigor and skill  
He handles a quill,  
Or paddles his well-loved canoe.

**R** IS for Richard Le Gallienne,  
Who really deserves a medallion  
That his *Fancies* and *Quest*  
Were never suppressed;  
But they ought to be writ in Italian

**S** IS for Sad Sarah Grand,  
Who marital happiness banned;  
Her public she vexes  
With problems of sexes  
Which most of us can't understand.

**T** IS for terse Thomas Hardy;  
Whose works we with wonder regard.  
Has written for years, [He  
But it somehow appears  
His moral convictions were tardy.

**U** IS for dear Uncle Remus,  
To praise him 'twould surely beseem  
We've contracted a habit [us;  
Of quoting Br'er Rabbit,  
Or poor old Br'er Wolf in *extremis*.

**V** IS Victoria Crosse,  
Who wouldn't be much of a loss,  
For her *Woman who Wouldn't*  
Or *Couldn't*, or *Shouldn't*,  
Is nothing but driveling dross.

**W** IS Mrs. Ward,  
By whom we are awfully bored;  
Robert Elsmere we stood,  
And Marcella was good,  
But when *Tressady* came we were floored.

**X** IS the author unknown,  
Who signs any name but his own;  
And though nobody claims  
*The Descendant* and *James*,  
In their pages good writing is shown.

**Z** IS for Zangwill the Zealous,  
Of whom our own critics are jealous,  
But in epigram keen,  
Free from malice or spleen,  
Those foreigners seem to excel us.

Carolyn Wells.







*She (anxiously):* DO YOU THINK, DEAR, THAT PAPA WILL CONSENT?  
"HE CAN'T HELP IT. IF HE DOESN'T, I AM GOING TO TELL HIM I SHALL LEAVE HIS EMPLOY."





## CHANCE ELIMINATED.

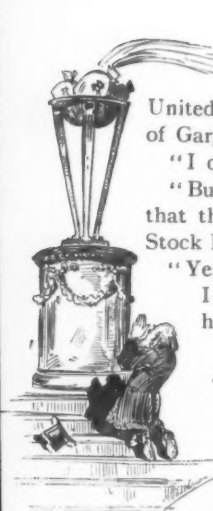
"WHAT do you think of the charge that some Senators of the United States gamble in sugar stock?" asked Gummey of Gargoyle.

"I do not believe it."

"But the evidence seems very conclusive that they deal in the stock on the New York Stock Exchange."

"Yes, I grant you that, but as for gambling I deny it. They don't gamble. They have a sure thing."

THE enrollment of new students at Yale has been slightly less than was expected, and some foolish observers have hastened to attribute the deficiency to Yale's defeats in athletics. Nonsense! The defeats came too late to affect the enrollment. Yale has had of late rather too much athletic reputation for her own good, and is much more likely to profit than to suffer by the loss of some of it.



"SO SHE SCARED THE BURGLARS FROM HER COTTAGE."  
"YES, I CAN WELL BELIEVE IT."

## SOME CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*: Uncle Tom.

*Sentimental Tommy*: Speaker Reed.

*Soldiers of Fortune*: General Miles and Colonel Hay.

*The Incendiary*: Eugene V. Debs.

*Fables for the Times*: All the news that is fit to print.

*A Woman's Courier*: Bok.

*Urban Dialogues*: "Step lively, there." "Go to h—."

*The Scarlet Coat*: The Golfiac.

*The Puppet*: Quigg.

*The Meddling Hussy*: Truth Trashmore.

*The Wisdom of Fools*: The Tariff Bill.

*The Impregnable City*: Boston.

*Critical Kit-Kats*: The New York Sun.

*The Elizabethan Hamlet*: Sir Walter Raleigh.

*Seats of the Mighty*: The arena boxes at the Dog-Show.

*A Tramp Across the Continent*: Coxey.

*The Well-Beloved*: Grover.

*Bound in Shallows*: Congress.

*The Quest of the Golden Girl*: Memoirs of the Duke of No-cash.

*The Ape, The Idiot, and Other People*: The Senate.

*Quo Vadis*: Bryan.

*One Man who was Content*: R. H. Davis.

*The Stand-By*: Mark Hanna.

*Hell for Sartin*: Pulitzer.

*How to Tell a Story*: Hearst.

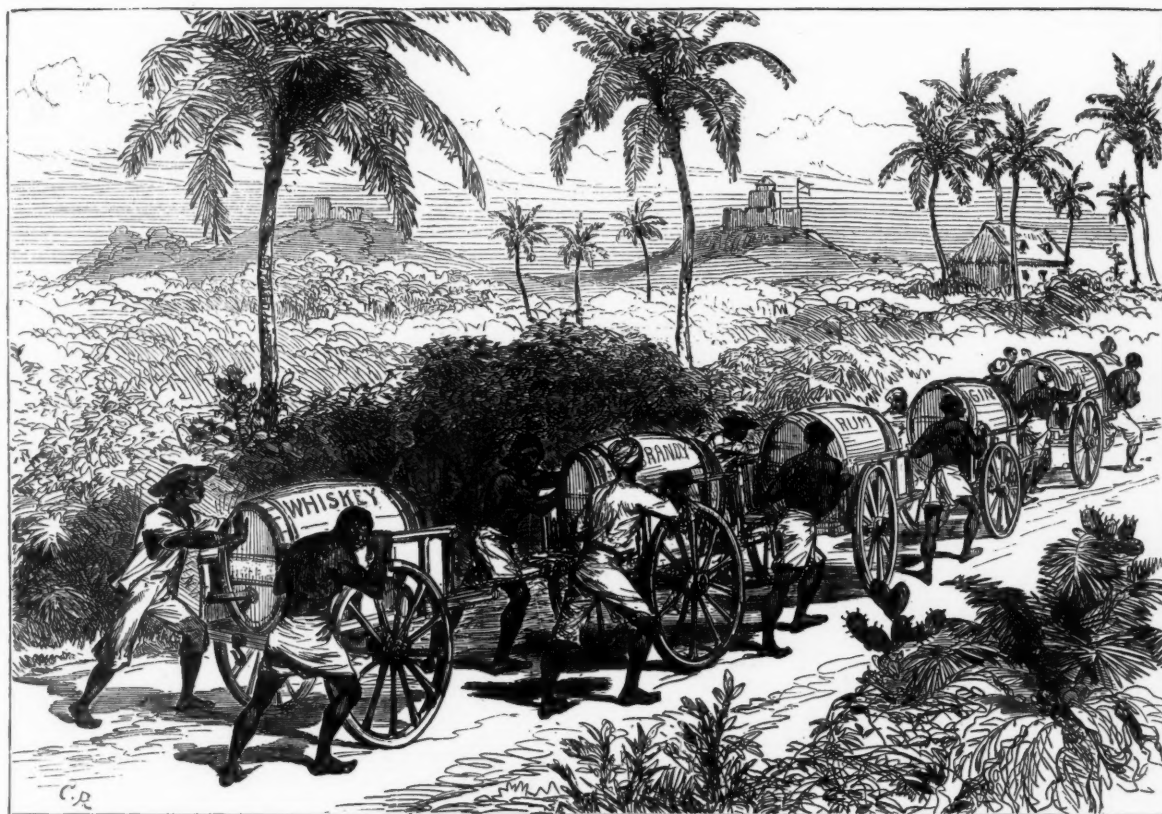
*A Strange, Sad Comedy*: Puck.

*The Voyage of the Rattletrap*: A Fifth Avenue Stage in action.



LOOKING FOR THE ODDS."





SUNDAY PROVISIONS FOR ASBURY PARK.

# LIFE'S PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS.

## ASBURY PARK.



**A**SBURY PARK holds a unique place in the economy of watering places.

Lenox is an aristocracy; Coney Island is a flamboyant democracy; but Asbury Park is distinctly a theocracy, ruled by a brevet bishop, a celestial being called "The Founder," who makes its laws, ordinances and policemen, regulates its religions and palates, and personally superintends the manufacture of robes used for moistening purposes by the ancient and honorable females who permeate this salty, sandy elysium.

Its atmosphere is religious, its tone theological, its policy ecclesiastical; and this

despite the fact that it lies between those extremes of summer wickedness, Atlantic City and Long Branch.

**A**SBURY PARK consists of cottages—modeled on camp-meeting tents—hotels, tabernacles, churches, and the prayer auditorium, which look out on and make the ocean shrink; and it is infested with drug stores for the sale of everything but drugs, whose proprietors excite the rage of the Founder and his cohorts of beach cops. The place revels in revivals and bathing togas. It is a recuperating station for parsons who have shouted themselves into nervous prostration during the winter, moral-reform campaigns, for the worn-out staff of Bok's moral monthly, and for the elect, who love to sandwich in sea-bathing between bouts of prayer and praise meeting. Upon its sacred plank walk, which is unsoiled by feet after 7 P. M., the sewing circles and Sunday school classes pass their days in a mad whirl of salt water and missionary mania. And the ungodly come hither to scoff, and the heathen of New York to rage against the inexorable decrees of the Founder, who moves supreme and superior.

The principal occupation of saints and

sinners within the Founder's realm is hunting antidotes for thirst; for the climate, the sand, and excessive hymnology, induce an aridity of palate that is abnormal; and the experienced deacon, whose breath is changed with pious regularity, keenly enjoys the agonies of the uninitiated. Strong drink is forbidden in the Park. He who seeks the maddening cup must first look to his life insurance policy and interview the undertaker, for in Asbury Park it is risky to look upon the wine when it is red ink; it is a mocker, and kicks worse than a Manhattan reformer.

The hardy annuals of the Foundry are familiar with its customs, and carry their own delirium tremens to the coast; the plain and tactless hunter after bottles, who is no strategist, grabs an electric car and rushes to Long Branch, leaving a trail of strong language behind him.

**S**EA bathing is practiced in Asbury Park under rigid police surveillance. When the bathing hour arrives the bands play solemn dirges, and a sad but unquavering procession of matrons, maids, parsons and deacons, garbed in voluminous swaddling clothes, march piously to the ocean and



A WARM DAY AT ASBURY PARK.

compel the shuddering waves to embrace them. The Founder, telescope in hand, patrols the beach, vigilant to detect nudity. As the bath is a religious ceremony, not a hygienic measure, the bathing-suits are waterproof, and bear the tag that marks the censor's approval. Perchance some daring stranger dashes for the ocean in a Narragansett suit, but the shrieks of horror from the elect rally the legions of the Satrap, and the wretch is seized and cast into a dungeon, while his garb is given to the flames.

Bathing ranches adorn the beach in great profusion, the gift of a pious brother who takes his reward, as becomes a lover of humanity, in a simple announcement of the fact that he is the giver, and that he is engaged in the manufacture and sales of certain wares.

Babies are numerous and popular at Asbury Park, and every year, instead of flower carnivals or amateur circuses, the place turns itself loose on babies, which move up and down the beach in proud processional, unmindful of deacons and founders. They are licensed libertines in Asbury, the only ones daring enough to fly in the face of the laws and drink defiantly from bottles on the sacred sands.

The colored brother is welcome at camp meeting and revival, his lungs and ardor adding excitement to the scene; but when the season of prayer is over the African is ordered into a reservation, where he is corraled. Religion and brotherhood are glorious, but business is business.

Excursionists are welcome at Asbury Park, but they must remember that when they reach its borders the republic ceases, and an unlimited monarchy begins.

*Joseph Smith.*



*Patient:* HOLD OFF, THERE! YOU'VE GOT HOLD OF MY TONGUE!  
*Operator (in anger):* WHO'S A DOIN' THIS—SAY?

AN ODE TO BLINDNESS.

[*"The New York Sun,"* under its assertive motto, "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so," has recently published numerous cable-dispatches contending that England's Queen is totally blind. Such imaginative journalism, while not worthy of emulation, at least merits recognition in some way. Perhaps it deserves no worse fate than to be immortalized in a poem.]

THE Prince he bared his noble head and knelt before the Queen.

He gazed into her downcast eyes, with melancholy mien.

"Oh! mother mine," the Prince began, "Victoria, the Great"—  
(He paused, 'twas on his lips to say: "Why don't you abdicate?")—

"Our cousins from across the pond they say your eyes are dim."

Her Majesty said not a word, but sternly looked at him.

"They say I'm blind?—it cannot be; but ho! the guards, away!  
Fetch me *The Sun*, the morning *Sun*, the *Sun* that came to-day."  
And straightway Wales he scampered off, and straightway he returned,

He made such haste that all the folks were very much concerned.  
The Queen she grabbed the paper up—the Prince he cried:

"But hold!

Dear mother, you have not your specs; I pray thee, not so bold."

Disdainfully she shook her head, "I cannot wait," she cried,

And then her Uncle Dana's sheet she critically eyed.

When suddenly she gave a sob, and bowed her head quite low,

"I 'see it in *The Sun*,'" she said, "alas! I fear 'it's so.'"

H. B. N.



HOLDING HER ROAN.



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS THE CORRECT THING TO BE PERFECTLY AT YOUR EASE, WHATEVER LITTLE ACCIDENT MAY HAPPEN.





WOULDN'T IT?

Now wouldn't it be nice  
On a plunging ship of ice  
To sail away where arctic waters roll?  
To fare and fare away  
Where it's freezing every day,  
And hang our summer straw hats on the pole?  
To present our tickets there  
Where the dancing polar bear  
Gives the only entertainment—without price?  
To shake his frigid paws,  
And to give him our applause,  
In a comfortable theatre of ice?

—Atlanta Constitution.

SHADOWBROOK, the home of the Anson Phelps Stokes family, whose hospitality recognizes no limit that numbers can effect, is now open and ready to receive all the sons and daughters of the house, with all their friends and friends' friends. It is related of Mrs. Stokes that she recently received a telegram from a son at Harvard, which read: "Coming to-morrow with a party of '97 men," to which the amiable lady made reply: "Don't make it more than fifty; have friends already here."—Wave.

A GENTLEMAN had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives?" "Madame," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still protest."—Argonaut.

A LADY who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great tenement-house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am and the nature of my business with you."

"They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell them you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."—Harper's Bazar.

It was past midnight, and M. Ivremort was fumbling about in the hall and mumbling angrily to himself.

"What's the matter?" called out Mme. Ivremort from the floor above.

"There's two hat-racks here, an' I don't know which one to hang my hat on."

"Oh, hang one on each and come to bed."

—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

"DID you see the account of the new submarine boat?"

"Yes; but I didn't read it. It doesn't interest me, you know."

"It certainly indicates extraordinary progress."

"Of course; but in the wrong direction. Enough boats go down now. What I want to see is one that is guaranteed to stay up."—Chicago Evening Post.



HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK.

In *Simpkinsville*. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. (\$1.25.)  
*The Story of the Rhinegold*. By Anna Alice Chap-  
man. (\$1.25.)

*The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote*. By  
Charles Dudley Warner. (\$1.25.)

F. TENNYSON NEELY: NEW YORK.

*The Reveries of a Spinster*. By Helen Davies.  
*The Malachite Cross*. By Frank H. Norton.

*Diomed*. By John Sargeant Wise. (\$2.00.) Boston,  
London and New York: Lamson, Wolfe and Com-  
pany.

*The Professor's Dilemma*. By Annette Lucile Noble.  
New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*From the Land of the Snow Pearls*. By Ella Hig-  
ginson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A LAD in a remote country village swallowed a small  
lead bullet. His parents and friends became very  
much alarmed about the matter, and his father sent for  
a physician some miles away "in haste," urging his  
speedy coming. The physician, however, took the  
matter more philosophically, and wrote the following  
note:

"Do not be alarmed. If, after three weeks, the  
bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of gun-  
powder. Yours truly, —M. D.

"P. S.—Do not shoot the boy at anybody."

—Argonaut.

"MISS HIGHSEE is a beautiful singer, isn't she?"  
"Very. That was all that made her singing endur-  
able."—Washington Times.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-  
national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane,  
London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera,  
Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence,  
Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

# IVORY SOAP

No other soap is found in so  
many homes.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

**Yale Mixture**

is a  
gentle-  
man's  
smoke

WE COULD NOT  
IMPROVE THE QUALITY  
IF PAID DOUBLE THE PRICE  
A 203. TRIAL PACKAGE  
POST PAID 25c  
FOR 25 CENTS.  
MARBURG BROS.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
BALTIMORE, MD.

Patronize American Industries  
—wear KNOX HATS.

Wanted—An Idea  
Who can think  
of some simple  
thing to patent?  
Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth.  
Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attor-  
neys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer  
and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

A man's clothes are his  
own estimate of himself—  
better not be too modest.

A. C. YATES & Co., Clothes,  
Chestnut and Thirtieth,  
Philadelphia.

The Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, is  
the original house to sell reliable bicycles  
at low prices direct to the rider. They  
have built up a large business by their hon-  
orable dealings and have won the entire  
confidence of their customers. As is usually  
the case, they have many imitators who seek  
to share in the reflected light of the house  
which won its prestige by conceiving this  
popular idea and then carrying it out. The  
Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, simply  
ask the public to believe that the house  
which leads and controls the best sources of  
supply is the best house to do business with.

PARFUMERIE  
**ED. PINAUD,**  
37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG, PARIS.  
**ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.**

AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.  
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.  
AT ALL DEALERS  
OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD'S, N.Y. IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 EAST 14TH ST.

## Hunter Baltimore Rye,



The American Gentleman's  
DRINK.  
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND  
MEDICINAL USE.

10  
YEARS  
OLD.  
THE  
BEST  
WHISKEY  
IN  
AMERICA

Endorsed by leading Physicians  
To ladies obliged to use a stimulant  
it is recommended because of its  
Absolute Purity,  
Gentle Mellowness, and  
Great Age.

Sold at all first-class Cafes  
and by Jobbers

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

WE  
PAY  
POST-  
AGE.

All you have guessed  
about life insurance may  
be wrong. If you wish to  
know the truth, send for  
"How and Why," issued  
by the PENN MUTUAL  
LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut  
Street, Philadelphia.



## Little Men and Little Women

greatly relish the comforting and strengthening bouillon, which may be quickly made with

*Armour's*

**Extract of BEEF**

A quarter teaspoonful of the Extract, a cup of hot water and a pinch of salt are all that is needed; it is readily digestible and insures restful sleep. "Culinary Wrinkles" tells many other ways in which the Extract may be used to advantage.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Summer Tours to **CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, AROUND THE WORLD.**  
**SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO'S LINES.**  
FULL INFORMATION  
DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS FREE.  
349 Broadway and No. 1 Battery Place, Washington Bldg.

## Those Fine English Tobaccos

Capstan  
Bird's Eye  
Westward Ho  
Three Castles  
Gold Flake, etc.

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

**J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.**

**HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH**

A SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED ARTICLE, MADE ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTE'S NOTICE; JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY, YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES ENTERTAINING EASY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS  
PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY  
*G. F. Heublein & Co.*  
HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON.

The King  
of all  
drinks.

**WERNER**  
Half-Pint  
Champagne



**HAS NO  
PEER.**

Possesses a  
flavor and  
natural dryness  
of its own.

I cordially recommend it as a pure  
and healthy wine.

**A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D.,**  
Prof. of Chemistry and Physics,  
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Served in all Restaurants, Hotels and Roadhouses.  
**A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., N. Y. City.**

## OF WHOM TO BUY

CLOTHING . . . . .

Established 1844

**HENRY KEEN, Tailor,**

114 High Holborn, London, W. C.

**WOODBURY**

REMOVES  
BIRTHMARKS.

127 W. 42d St., N. Y.



**EVERYBODY WHO RIDES**

a Bicycle should have the

**Rubber Pedal Attachment.**

Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals

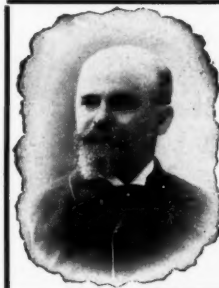
in ten seconds, without bolts or riv-

ets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by

**ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic**

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**CHEW  
BEEMAN'S  
THE ORIGINAL  
PEPSIN  
GUM**

Cures Indigestion  
and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

A better Cocktail at home than is  
served over any bar in the world

**THE CLUB =  
COCKTAILS**

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

So handy to have in the house; can be served in a minute's notice. You will not be found just out of the necessities to make a cocktail. Having tried our bottled "Cocktails," you will never be without them.



These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.**  
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.  
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

## PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS via PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

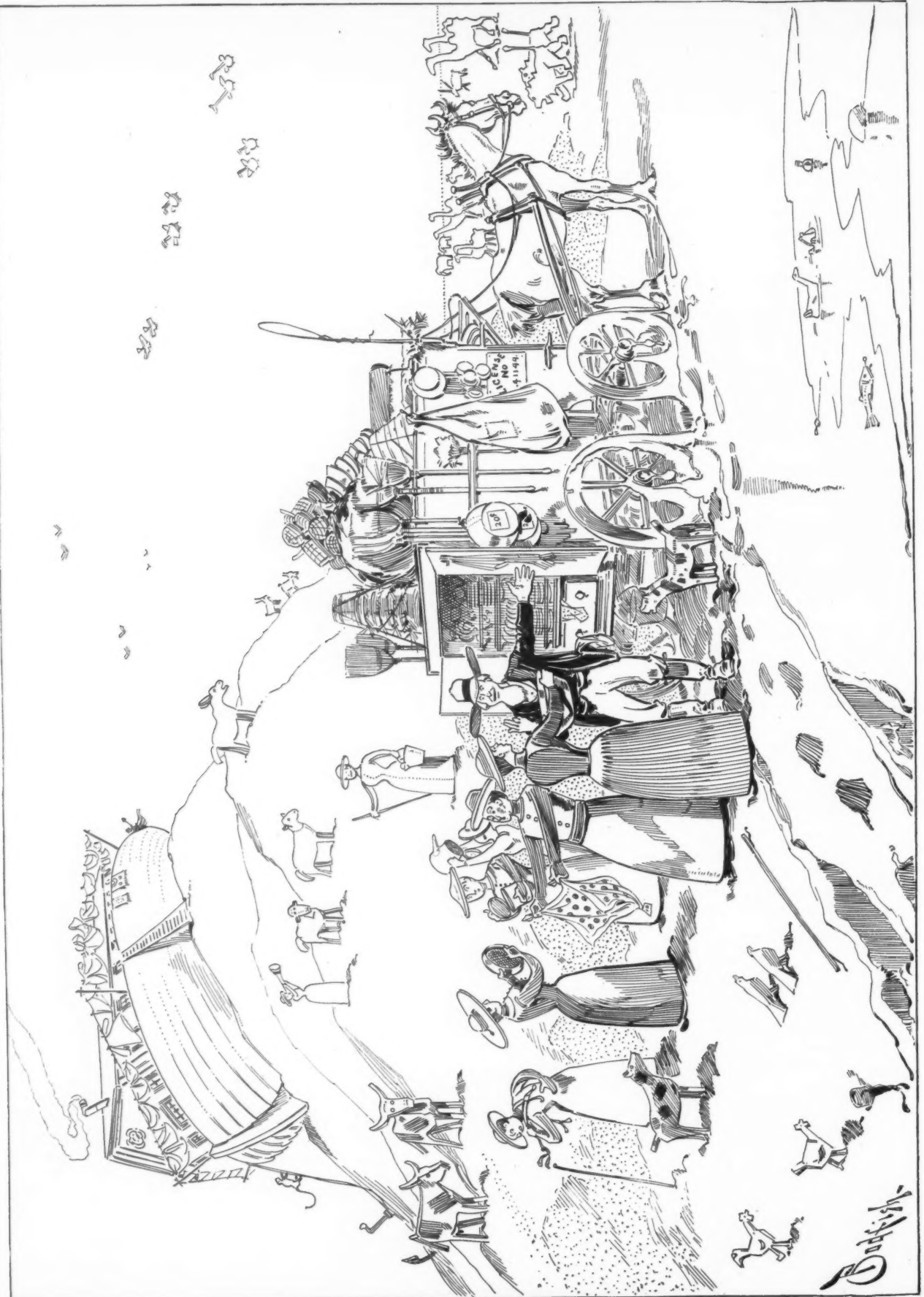
That the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained, for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passengers.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson), July 27 and August 17. Rate, \$100 for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2. Rate, \$235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; \$230 from Pittsburgh.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond and Washington, September 28 and October 12. Rate \$65 from New York; \$63 from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.



THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.



[Drawn from life expressly for Sozodont.]

## SOZODONT IN VACATION DAYS

Did you ever stop to consider the grateful fragrance of Sozodont and the refreshing sensation it produces in the mouth, the sense of coolness and cleanliness, when used these warm vacation days? After a spin Sozodont is almost indispensable.

A sample for three cents if you mention LIFE. Address, P. O. Box 247, New York.

HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, New York and London.

THE adjoining plate presents two figures drawn from life expressly for SOZODONT, a dentifrice too well known to require introduction here. Perhaps your first impulse will be to pass the design with slight notice, since it serves for an advertisement. But do not advertisements serve the public? Are they not suggestive of real wants, and often useful in filling them? Let us suppose there were no advertisements in LIFE. Would its columns be more interesting? or more useful? As well remove the directory from the vestibule of a building given over to many businesses as to withdraw the advertising columns from LIFE or any other periodical. Indeed, it is true these columns are of special value in many instances. Not infrequently LIFE has capable artists prepare designs for its advertisers, and these designs, produced at considerable cost, are useful in conveying ideas to LIFE's readers which plain text could not present so clearly. The case in point illustrates this. Here is shown pictorially the suggestions:

That one package of SOZODONT is enough for two persons during vacation days;

That, upon resting after a spin on dusty roads, the use of this dentifrice is particularly cooling and refreshing to the teeth and mouth;

That there can be no mistake in the purchase of the real article since the package as displayed on the store shelf is shown in the design; and lastly it dawns upon the observer that persons of refinement must be the largest users of this famous article, for the figures in the design are not coarse, ill-bred types. The subject might be pursued further, but enough has been said to suggest to the reader a higher valuation of the advertising pages of LIFE and its contemporaries, for what has been said here applies to all first-class publications. [adv.]

A MAN had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there was any text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered, and then repeated: "And Judas went out and hanged himself." "Is there any other verse you know in the whole Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.'" There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated.—Argonaut.

THE  
**Veeder**  
CYCLOMETER  
Gives zest to the ride.  
DUST PROOF.  
WATERPROOF.  
POSITIVELY  
ACCURATE.

¾ in. long. Weight, 1 oz.  
Price \$1.50

Shows large, plain figures.  
Beware of Imitations.  
At all Dealers. Booklet Free.  
**VEEDER MFG. CO.**  
Hartford, Conn.

THE GENUINE  
**JOHANN HOFF'S**  
MALT EXTRACT  
MAKES  
**FLESH AND BLOOD**  
AVOID SUBSTITUTES

EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK AGENTS

## LIFE BINDER

Cheap, Strong and Durable  
WILL HOLD 26 NUMBERS

Mailed to any part of the United States for

\$1.00

Address . . .

Office of LIFE, 19 W. 31st St., New York



**IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER**  
A TRIAL  
WILL CONVINCE THAT  
**Golden Sceptre**  
IS PERFECTION

We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of GOLDEN SCEPTRE, 1 lb. \$1.30, 1/4 lb. 40 cts. Postage paid. Catalogue free

**SURBRUG** 159 Fulton Street  
NEW YORK CITY



*Every Person  
of Common Sense*

when using Whiskey desires absolute purity, highest grade, which can only be assured by using an article that has stood the test for many years and has always distanced all competitors. Such a one is

**"OLD CROW  
RYE."**

No other has ever been made that brought the distillers as much price, or has maintained its quality in season and out of season. Bottled only by

**H. B. KIRK & CO.,**  
(Established 1853.)  
69 Fulton Street,  
Also Broadway and 27th Street.

"DR. WILDER," said the lady of the house, "as you are so clever with the knife, we must ask you to carve the mutton."  
"With pleasure," was the reply, and setting to work, he made a deep incision in the joint of meat. Then, mechanically, he drew from his pocket a bundle of lint, together with several linen bandages, and bound up the wound in due form. The guests were stricken dumb at the sight. But he, still deeply absorbed in thought, said: "With rest and care he'll soon be better!"  
—Cornell Widow.

**VIN MARIANI**  
MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.  
"VIN MARIANI. THIS PRECIOUS WINE WHICH GIVES ME STRENGTH, BRIGHTENS AND INCREASES ALL OUR FACULTIES."  
BARTHOLDI.  
Write to MARIANI & CO. for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.  
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.



**Life's Comedy**  
ARE YOU FOND OF  
**FINE  
DRAWINGS**

Printed on Magnificent Paper in the

HIGHEST STYLE OF  
THE PRINTER'S ART?

Then Subscribe for LIFE'S COMEDY, published quarterly at

**\$1.00 A YEAR**

BY . . .

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

19 W. 31st St., N. Y. City

To  
take  
Life  
easy  
drink  
Evans'  
Ale



**The Bicycle  
Sensation**

1897 COLUMBIAS AT \$75

Standard of the World.

1896 Columbias . . . at \$80

1897 Hartfords . . . at \$50

Hartford Pattern 2 . . . at \$45

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These are the prices.  
They have set the whole  
bicycling world talking  
and buying.

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Catalog free from any Columbia  
dealer; by mail for a 2-cent stamp

**No. 4711. EAU DE COLOGNE**

**Strength, Purity and  
Fragrance** Combined with  
**Remarkable Delicacy**

The most refined Perfume, and to-day the Standard in all civilized countries. It is the Pioneer of all Colognes now sold in the New World, having been imported for almost three-quarters of a century.

Be sure that you get the "No. 4711."

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